

The World.

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UP TO MORGAN.

While a great many people have not approved of Mr. Morgan's methods and policy in consolidating corporations no one as yet has had any reason to accuse him of lack of courage. On the contrary, he has been universally recognized as personifying in the highest degree that aggressiveness and pertinacity of which the bulldog is popularly supposed to be the type.

But Mr. Morgan now will have to choose between losing his reputation for courage and taking a positive position on the coal strike. He cannot repudiate his responsibility nor declare that the question is something with which he has nothing to do. He either wishes the strike to go on or he wishes it to stop. If he wishes it to stop it is in his power to stop it by a word. If he wishes it to go on, if he is willing to subject the business interests of the country to all the disastrous consequences of an indefinite continuance of the strike, he should imitate the frankness of Mr. Hewitt and boldly declare himself on the side of the operators who do not operate.

The spectacle of the great J. Pierpont Morgan fleeing in terror from the interviewing reporter and exclaiming "How should I settle the coal strike? I don't know anything about it," and "Why not let them alone?" reveals the famous organizer of corporations in a new and not creditable light.

Looking Backward.—When Mr. Hewitt declares that the acceptance of Mr. Mitchell's conditions for the coal miners would make him a dictator and enable him to decide the next Presidential election was he not unconsciously thinking of the last coal strike which Mr. Morgan settled on the eve of a Presidential election?

BEHIND THE TIMES.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is a cheery and hopeful man. He expresses the opinion that the year's corn crop will be a record-breaker and that within three months it will bring down the price of beef.

Secretary Wilson means well, but he does not know. He evidently clings to the old-fashioned theories of political economy of Adam Smith and Mill, and to obsolete laws of supply and demand and all that sort of thing. But we have changed all that.

What has the corn crop to do with the price of beef? The price of beef is regulated entirely by four benevolent gentlemen whom "God in His infinite wisdom," to use the language of President Baer, has put in charge of that department of our industry. Is the price of coal regulated by the demand for it, or of iron and steel, or of tobacco, or is it in each case fixed by other divinely appointed guardians of our interests?

Secretary Wilson should turn from his text books and treatises on political economy and study the facts of life around him and of the country he lives in. As it is, the Big Four of the Beef Trust have got the laugh on him.

Cornering the Adirondacks.—Mr. John D. Rockefeller now owns 30,000 acres of Adirondack land and water, and is credited with the desire of acquiring the 30,000 adjoining acres of the Paul Smith property. The area of the Adirondack territory is extensive, but not so extensive as Mr. Rockefeller's bank account.

RAIDING THE PARKS.

Madison Square, which but a few years ago was the centre of the aristocratic residence district of New York, has now fallen to such low estate that the police are obliged to raid it from time to time to round up the tramps and vagrants and disorderly characters who propose to convert it into a dormitory for their exclusive but undesirable class.

That such a condition of affairs should exist in the civilized city of New York is not creditable to our police efficiency, but it is the plain truth that not only Madison Square, but Union Square and other small parks, notably the City Hall Park, are now monopolized by the Weary Waggles and Dusty Rhoadses for sleeping purposes alike by day and night to such an extent that respectable people feel a natural reluctance to even sit down on a bench which may have been occupied by one of these gentry.

Certainly our parks were not intended to be misused in this way, and an occasional raid is not an adequate remedy for the evil. It should be finally extirpated.

Nobody's Business.—How did it happen that the delay in building the Public Library was not discovered until the work was a year behind time?

THE DUCHESS FISHING.

Mary MacLane, at Newport for the Sunday World, saw tall men with melancholia on their foreheads walking by the sad sea waves and pretty women with faces subtly imbecile. She should have stayed to see the Duchess of Marlborough out in a boat with a grizzled sea captain catching flounders in a rainstorm. No subtle imbecility in Consuelo's countenance, we fancy, when she hooked the flounder so big that she could not pull it into the boat. The captain helped her and the fish was safely landed. Then "the party fished for two hours and had quite a respectable catch." And it is not unlikely that the Duchess will return to Blenheim with the fishing trip fixed in her memory as one of the most agreeable episodes of her American visit.

The Duchess's popularity with Américan women was long ago established. Thousands of masculine devotees of rod and reel will now discover a kindred spirit in her—those who seek Princess Bay for weak fish or the Great South for blue or go down to the banks in steamboats for the elusive flounder itself. The old Commodore would have been proud of his great-grandchild.

BUROLAR'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

There has been a popular impression that since Capt. Miles O'Reilly took command of the Oak Street precinct crime had hidden her diminished head and retired routed to fresh fields and pastures new. Yet last night within one hundred feet of the captain's awful presence burglars blew a safe after the old noisy nitro-glycerine methods and the police heard it not. The explosion was a loud one, but by the time the police had been apprised of it the crackmen had escaped. These were burglars with a sense of humor and their joke on the valiant captain is a good one.

Perhaps the excuse should be that eyes accustomed to look for pool-rooms and ears trained to hear the creak of side doors get a little out of practice for other sights and sounds. Police captains, like other mortal men, see only what they look for and their hearing loses its acuteness for inharmonious noises.



JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HIS FARMING ZEAL.
He thought he'd practice farming.
To catch the country votes.
So he set a place alarming
In the sowing of wild oats.

QUITE SO.
"Both of them resolved to remain single."
"Two souls with but a single thought," eh?"

CONSISTENT.
"What a blunt fellow he is!"
"Yes, indeed! Even his jokes are pointless."

BADLY NAMED.
"The temperance advocate got so mad when she saw the whiskey that she smashed every bottle of it."
"I should call that ill-temper-ance."

COURAGEOUS.
"My poor fellow, liquor is a curse."
"Well, mum, I ain't a man to shrink in fear from no such old time superstitious thing as a curse."

BORROWED JOKES.

AMBITION.
"Of course," quoth Cuba, pensively,
"I'm very happy, 'cause I'm free.
I should, in sooth, be happier yet
If I could once get out of debt."
—Washington Star.

NOT SO BAD.
Visitor—Sir, I have in this satchel—
Editor—Great heavens!
Visitor (continuing)—A dynamite bomb.
Editor—Thank goodness! I thought it was a poem.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE ONLY WAY.
Wilson—Yes, sir, this summer I expect to own my own home.
Kilder—How long do you think your wife will be away?—San Francisco Chronicle.

MIGHT TRY AND SEE.
"There is only one reason why I have never asked you to be my wife."
"What is that?"
"I have always been half afraid you might refuse."

"Well, on a whisper, after a long silence, 'I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not!'"—Stray Stories.

SOMEBODIES.

CRONIE, GEN.—sailed from St. Helena for the Transvaal last Wednesday, accompanied by his wife and his suite. He will lodge the tongue-lashing the three Boer Generals got at Utrecht from Oom Paul.

MCCLELLAN, CAPT. C. H.—of the cutter Morning, has notified the Government that a new fur-seal rookery has been discovered on Island, in the Aleutian chain. This may open up a grand vista of seal-skin raucous.

STAFFORD, DR. S. P.—one of the few really prominent colored physicians in America, has been appointed Government doctor to the Yakima Indian Agency.

TOLSTOI, COUNT—who is in St. Petersburg, finds himself "bottled" there, for the authorities refuse him a passport to get away.

WHITNEY, W. C.—has sent twenty elk to the State Reservation in the Adirondacks. He has ninety more on his New England estates.

EDWARD VII.—in sending for the nurse who assisted at his operation, in order to thank her, found her to be a woman to whom, a few weeks before, he had given a medal for her work in South Africa. He said: "I have proved for myself how well you deserved that medal."

TWILIGHT SONG.

Dips the flaming disk of the sun
Into the bosom of Lebanon;
Now that the blossoms of twilight
Fall,
Hark to the nightingale!
Stops to silence the clash and jar
In the heart of the great bazaar;
Swiftly gather a violet veil.
Hark to the nightingale!
Up from the minarets' crest to the sky
The late mazzin flings his cry
To the earliest planet twinkling pale;
Hark to the nightingale!
And deep in the gardens, where the
Scent
Of the rose and the jasmine-flower
Is blent,
The lovers turn from their whispered tale.
And hark to the nightingale!
—Clinton Scollard.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

For Riverside Drive.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I've got a scheme to bring Riverside Drive closer to the people. Let the subway run under it, with stations at every few blocks, so that for five cents, and without any walking, the people of the tenements could enjoy the beauty and bracing air of that famous drive-way, which is now too far away for most of them to bring their children there to play.
EAST RIDER.

All Is Equal in the End.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there any justice in this country for the poor people? If it be right to gamble in stocks and bonds it must certainly seem right to gamble in any other

way. A clubman can sit at a card table and gamble, and never anything is said, but if this is done by poor people we say it is against the law. Who made the earth? Why, the capitalist thinks he made it, because he owns it, but ain't it too bad that he can't take it along when he crosses the river? Then let the poor people rejoice, for they will have as much as any when they die.
JOE WEBER.

Talk Less.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
To cure the conceit of a certain young man, asked by Yorkville, is simple enough. To begin with, I myself know of such a person living in my neighborhood, and maybe Yorkville has never

heard of the same person. In the first place, I would advise the "conceited person" to see to it that he does not talk too much. After this defect is cured he would not let everybody know what his empty head holds. Hence, he would be cured and his friends would begin to respect him.
EXPERIENCE.

To Cure Conceit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to Yorkville, who asks if a reader can help him to cure the conceit of "a certain young man," I would prescribe: First—get the conceit out of yourself. In your own words run the streak of conceit. Second—bathe yourself in the waters of social

agreeableness. Perhaps you're a crank. I am sure if Yorkville takes this advice to heart it will do him some good. And probably it will find its way to "a certain young man" who, no doubt, is influenced by the company he keeps.
CHARLES R. B.

Will Power as a Cure.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
There are certain rules to be followed to remove the defect of stammering, of which a reader complains, but these rules have to be applied systematically and most conscientiously and attentively for a length of time: First—Will power is the foundation of these rules; second, regular inhaling; third, speaking and reading slowly.
H. H.

The Funny Side of Life.

ONE SOVEREIGN BOBS UP.



"The immediate need," says Roosevelt, "is to place Trusts in control of some sovereign who is fearless and who's equal to the role."
"That's the ticket," J. P. Morgan cries, and, posing chestful, "While you're looking round for sovereigns, what's the matter, say, with me?"

WHAT A LOSS!



Old Gentleman—My boy, I learned early the evils of smoking, and I threw away my Havana cigar.
Spitface Mickey—Gee! I wish I'd been dere fer grab de snipe.

FABLES UP TO DATE.



Fox—Well, well! What would old Mr. Aesop say to this?

PERSONAL.



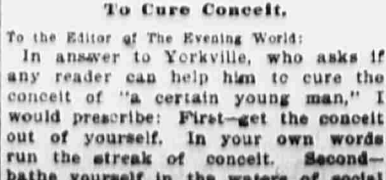
Mr. Goodoisort—Little boy of the street, I suppose you realize what it is to have no home?



"How much do you expect me to give you, my poor man?"

"Well, mum, I notice the younger a woman is the more money she gives to charity, and the older and uglier she is the stingier she gets. A dollar? Oh, thank you, miss!"

A BORN FINANCIER.



Mr. Fox—Why, Mr. Snake, what are you doing out here?

THE SECRET OUT.



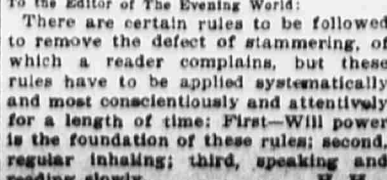
Tom—What do you consider the easiest way to win a woman's love?



Jack—Her way.

Mr. Fox—Why, Mr. Snake, what are you doing out here?

TOWN TOO NOISY.



Mr. Fox—Why, Mr. Snake, what are you doing out here?

ODDITY CORNER.

A POET'S MONUMENT.



Misfortune pursues some men even after death. This has been the case with the poetic French poet, Charles Baudelaire. He has many admirers, but no monument.

A few years ago a committee was formed and subscriptions solicited for a monument to be erected in the Luxembourg, the Valhalla of the poor. Money poured in, the plot was selected, and the monument ordered—and that was all. The treasurer of the fund died, and it was found that the fund had vanished with him.

A second attempt to raise a monument bids fair to be more successful, and the monument is nearly or quite finished. It is to be placed under the high wall of the cemetery, and is of a singular character. The tombstone proper represents the recumbent figure of the poet, swathed like an Egyptian mummy. Above this is a caryatid, the thinker, a man of sphinx-like countenance bending forward and resting his chin on his hands.

EXPERT MANICURES NEEDED IN BOTH LONDON AND PARIS.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

They need skilful manicures very badly on the other side of the water.

I do not mean to suggest that there are no manicures in London and Paris. On the contrary, it is difficult to judge the manicure establishments in London, and there certainly is no trouble in finding so-called "Artists in Finger-Nails" in Paris.

But oh, the wretched work or play, or whatever they choose to call it, they do, the greater part of these much-vaunted operators!

Manicuring originated in France, but it certainly has got sidetracked.

When I was in London I made five or six heroic efforts to get my finger-nails decently cared for. First of all I sent for the manicure who has charge of the hairdressing rooms at the hotel where I stopped. To my surprise a young man appeared in response to my order for a manicure.

He carried in his hand a large, battered, leather bag, and he might have been the man to put the gas meter in order on a New York plumber, not too proud for his job, but surely he did not look like an individual with hands delicate enough to manipulate manicure implements.

When I anxiously asked him if he had not made a mistake, as I wished a manicure, he replied, with a lovely cockney accent:

"Not at all, I am the party you sent for. I can do your 'nails' up in good style."

There was nothing for it but submission, so I prepared for the worst, and I am bound to say I received it.

The disguised plumber opened his pack and brought forth a number of diabolical-looking instruments—knives, scissors, two very dirty buffers and a horrid-looking woolen rag, besides a bottle of bleach, some files that would have done perfectly well for service in a carpenter's shop and a fierce-looking cuticle knife.

The operator's own hands were extremely far from agreeable to gaze upon. They needed washing badly, and in a falling voice, because of the glitter in his visitor's eyes, which really intimidated me, I said:

"You can wash your hands right over there in that bowl."

But the London manicure had no notion of scrubbing his hands before attacking mine. He thanked me and said "Quite so," sat down and spread out his battery of deadly weapons.

I next said:

"Do you use an antiseptic or sterilize your implements?"

He looked at me as though he thought I had suddenly lost my wits.

Under other circumstances I should not have permitted affairs to go any further, but my courage was not equal to a dispute with my wild-eyed visitor, and I grudgingly placed my hand, so to speak, on the block ready for execution.

I believe there has never been such a process before or since manicuring was dreamed of as this ingenious person is now exploiting in that London hotel.

My hands were held tight while my finger-nails were cut, filed and the whole surface of the backs of my hands touched with the cuticle knife, in a truly blood-thirsty style.

During the operation I asked the young man where he learned his system, and he told me he invented it.

He seemed to be extremely proud of his ingenuity, and he naively said that he didn't believe any one else did the nails as he operated on them.

I gave him my solemn word of honor that I agreed with him.

When he attacked my poor fingers with the dirty buffers I had reached my limitations and I said to him:

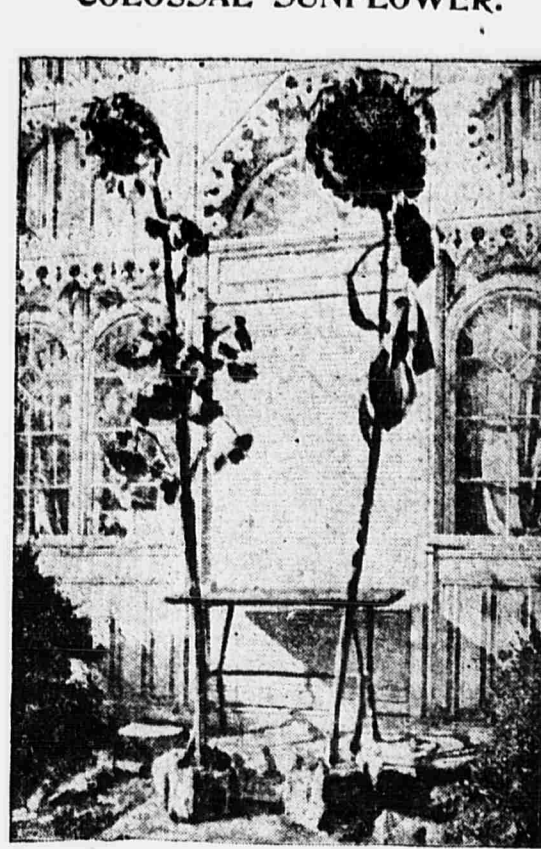
"Excuse me, but I don't think I can bear having my hands touched with those dirty buffers."

Whereupon he was surprised and hurt, and persisted until we had quite an argument, which was only terminated by my abruptly saying:

"I have had all the manicuring I can assimilate for one day. I am glad to pay you, but if I were in your place I should seek another profession or learn something about the one you are supposed to be engaged in."

The injured young man packed up his innumerable weapons, and very carefully counted his fee, which was 6s., or \$1.25 of American money.

COLOSSAL SUNFLOWER.



A German florist has produced a new variety of sunflower which he calls the Giant Bismarck, or *Helianthus Annuus Bismarckensis*. That it is a giant is evident from the photograph. The stalk is fifteen feet high and four inches thick, and the flowers measure eighteen inches across. To obtain these results it is necessary to sow the seeds in groups of two or three where the plants are wanted—for the sunflower does not stand transplanting—destroy all but the strongest of each group of plants and when this is about five feet high cut off the lower leaves and buds and so throw all the strength of the plant into the crown.

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